

JEAN ELIOT'S LETTER A Chronicle of Society

SUSAN DEAR—An addition to the Diplomatic Corps, whose coming will be of interest in Baltimore as well as in Washington and in New York, where the legation is established for the summer, is Jonker A. W. L. Tjarda van Starkenborgh-Stachouwer, recently appointed attaché to the Netherlands legation, who is expected to reach this country early in July to take up his duties as the successor to Baron de Nagell. The young man, who hails from Groningen, in northern Holland, is engaged to Christine Marburg, of Baltimore, a frequent visitor at the White House during the Taft Administration, and before settling down to work he will doubtless visit at Lake Mohonk, where the Marburgs have a cottage for the summer.

The romance of the young people, which began when Christine's father, Theodore Marburg, was minister to Belgium and Jonker von Starkenborgh-Stachouwer was filling his first diplomatic position at The Hague, has been sadly marred by the European war. In consequence the date for the wedding, which was primarily fixed for June, has been postponed until November, and even at that date the plans are being arranged upon a very uncertain basis.

Several prominent young women from abroad have been invited by Miss Marburg to be among her attendants, while those of the prospective bridegroom would naturally be chosen from among his own countrymen and his conferees in the diplomatic service. The possibility of any of these being able to come to America—or, in fact, their possible whereabouts a few months hence—is still too much a matter of speculation to be counted on.

Buford Brice's marriage to young Hal Curtis, of St. Paul, which took place on Tuesday in the private chapel of the Bishop of Washington, marked the culmination of a boy and girl romance. The young people met five years ago at Lake of the Woods, where the Curtis has a camp, and although the Curtis was then barely sixteen, it was soon patent that they had eyes for none but each other. Three years ago they became engaged and since that time they had not seen each other until the very day before the wedding ceremony.

It was a very quiet little wedding, with just two or three members of the bride's family present, besides her chums, Katherine Hitchcock and Louise Berliner, and Hal's father, who came on from St. Paul for the occasion. The bishop had been confined to his room by illness, but would allow no one else to perform the ceremony, as he is very fond of Buford, who has been a splendid little church worker all her short life.

She looked pretty as a pink in a dainty white frock, with a white hat and carried an armful of white blossoms. The elder Mr. Curtis, who is a big paper manufacturer and who has a very comfortable fortune, is devoted to his little daughter-in-law and plans to give her a house and furnish it for a wedding present. He has not made the purchase, as he prefers to let her select the location and arrange things to suit her own sweet will.

Hal and his bride are to have a nice leisurely honeymoon, traveling about the Eastern coast for several weeks and then will go to Lake of the Woods for the summer. They will live in St. Paul.

M. Casenave, the prominent French diplomat and financier, who is in Washington on a mission of sorts, is living in the strictest retirement, and is accepting no invitations, for he is mourning the death of his son, a young man of brilliant prospects, who was killed at the front a few months ago. It is such a pathetic and no trace of him could be found for months, until through the good offices of the Queen of Greece, the Kaiser's sister, news came from the German lines of his death.

Madame Casenave, it seems, is a Greek, and lady-in-waiting to the Greek Queen. She is a supremely beautiful woman, and a member of a very prominent family. At present she is living in Paris and devoting herself to relief work.

M. Casenave was formerly French minister to China, and it was there that he met Captain Bristol, then in command of the U. S. S. Albany, and Mrs. Bristol, with whom he formed a close friendship. Mrs. Bristol told me that, owing to his fondness for Americans and his enthusiasm for things American, he was always called "George Washington." He is a man of wide culture, keen wit, and brilliant attainments, and is considered one of the most valuable men in France. I have heard it rumored that he is to take charge of some extensive banking operations in Haiti, and that it is in this connection that he is in Washington.

Evelyn Rees Norcross, whose engagement to Robert Clay Sherrill, of Athens, Ala., has been recently announced and whose marriage will take place in the fall, is a very unusual little person. She claims the distinction of being one of the youngest "professors" in the United States and is, moreover, the baby member of the League of American Pen Women.

She was scarcely graduated from college—she took degrees at Dickinson and at the Emerson College of Oratory in Boston—when she was given the position of director of Oratory in Athens College at Athens, Ala. That was in 1913 and since then she has been made a full-fledged professor of history in the same institution. Recently she staged "Everywoman" with great success in the music hall of the college; and a play of her own, "When Woman Rules the Land," which was produced in Boston nearly two years ago, won her no little distinction. She has also contributed many articles to Washington and Philadelphia newspapers and to the magazines.

Evelyn has gone into educational work most fittingly, for one of her ancestors, Richard Norcross, an Oxford graduate, who came to this country in 1631, founded at Watertown, Conn., the first school in North America known to have offered the advantages of higher education to girls. There is still in existence the quaint old contract for the teaching of advanced branches to women, which reads: "And if any maiden has a desire to learn these branches, ye said Richard Norcross shall attend on them for ye learning of them." On her mother's side Evelyn is descended from the Rees family, whose ancestry dates back to the old Welsh kings.



MISS ELEANORA MORGAN and MISS REBEKAH WILMER.

A weekly periodical which deals with the doings of society, rumors the engagement of Eleanor Morgan to Henry May, son of Col. and Mrs. Henry May, and states that his attentions to Dr. Morgan's daughter have been decidedly marked all winter. Which is all very interesting, except for the fact that Henry May has been in Japan for nearly a year, where he holds the position of secretary of the American Embassy. Doubtless the paper means to refer to Gerald May, his younger brother, for it is a fact that these two have been a great deal together. They belong to a little group of attractive youngsters who have ridden horseback, walked, danced and frolicked together all winter. Other members of the little crowd are Francis Williams, Joe Mehaffey—poor boy, he's gone off to Alaska now—Elmer Langworthy, Bebekah Wilmer and Scott Thropp.

These last two are also engaged, according to the rumor that is going round and which has been sponsored by the newspapers; and, although it has been persistently denied by Dr. and Mrs. Wilmer, indications point to it being true. They never seem quite happy unless in each other's company and Rebekah is wearing a very suspicious looking ring on the third finger of her left hand. She is a beautiful girl, with brilliant coloring, and very high spirit. Scott is a nice chap and quite a fortune in the offing, I believe. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Thropp, the former, an old-time congressman from Pennsylvania, who live in the good-looking red house, with the lovely garden, at the corner of Twentieth and R streets.

The "call of the swimmin' hole" has begun to be heard in the land and never a country boy these days but finds his way over the hill to the bit of dammed-up creek which serves for bathing place, whenever excuse offers—and sometimes when there is no excuse—to the disgust of late mothers. The city boy has no such pleasant opportunity at his back door, but the river still flows by the feet of the city and there of an afternoon dozens of young men and boys splash about; while a well disposed city government has done its best to repair the conditions of nature, and the bathing beach by the Monument is thronged with swimmers every day. Even the girls, for whose comfort there has been scant consideration until the last few years, have their days and you may well believe they make the most of their opportunities. And nearly every auspicious afternoon the woods about the fine pool on Mr. Kalbfus' farm up Rockville way are full of neighbors or friends from town who motor out for a dip.

But perhaps the most interesting group of swimming enthusiasts is composed of four Indian women, all on the roster of the Indian Office, who have formed a little club and swim together.

In the Basin several times a week. They are all very much at home in the water and it is a pleasant sight to see them dive and race and frolic like young seals. Mrs. Baldwin—they all use perfectly good United States' names, although doubtless they have their tribal names tucked away in what is the Indian equivalent for the family Bible—who is a Chippewa, with a dash of French blood, was graduated this spring from George Washington University Law School and boasts an L.L.B.; Miss Agnes Wright is likewise a Chippewa, and the other two, Miss Alice Garlow and Mrs. Ida Riley, are Shawnees.

The Jeremiah Collins are sporting a good looking seven-passenger Hudson car in which they plan to make many short trips this summer instead of going away for the entire season, as is their wont. Mrs. Collins and Lena, their only daughter, use their electric for their journeying about town, but at least once a week, if not often, they all go off for an all-day motor trip into nearby Maryland or Virginia.

Lena, by the way, is wearing a magnificent ring on the fourth finger of her left hand, which tends to confirm the rumors floating about that certain most persistent young gentleman is successful in his ardent suit for her hand.

Admiral and Mrs. Benson went to Philadelphia for the week end to take in the Navy day festivities at the Philadelphia navy yard yesterday and take part in the ceremonies attendant upon the laying of the keel of the great transport building there. This is the first ship to be constructed in the yard, where the Secretary of the Navy hopes soon to have battleships building "all same like" the New York navy yard, and, consequently, it interested the admiral deeply, particularly as the project was conceived and its execution begun while he was in command at the yard. Captain Knapp, who succeeds Admiral Benson, will have a most important position to fill if this departure proves a success and the scope of the work done at the yard is enlarged as the Secretary plans. Captain and Mrs. Knapp are busy getting settled in their new quarters, and the captain made

his first appearance in the role of commandant of the yard at the Navy day celebration yesterday.

And Navy day at League Island is a real event, for numbers of people go down from Philadelphia to witness the best drills, full-scale, competitive, marine drills, sham battles, and other nautical exploits which go to make up the program; and the small entrance fee which is exacted piles up to form a valuable contribution to the coffers of the Navy League.

The Walter Dunlops, who gave up their cottage at Cordova early in May and moved to Chevy Chase, are so comfortably settled in their charming cottage near the circle that they appear to have lived there always. They are particularly fortunate, as the house, which they have taken on a long lease, it belongs to Dr. Pool—was built for a home, and not as a speculation, and consequently is designed for comfort as

well as effect, and is beautifully finished. Ruth has lovely things, and the general effect is quite charming. They all love it, and the little girl, Marian, is happy as a clam at high tide.

Do you remember some time last fall I wrote you of an entrancing wait the orchestra were playing, and which was written by Clarence Murphy, a sojourner in Washington? Well, the other day I heard an exquisite love song from the same pen—the story, told in a song-poem, of two little birds meeting, building, wooing, and wedding. It is called "Printemps d'Amour" (Spring-time of Love), and was no doubt inspired by the scores of weddings here this spring. I am going to ask the composer all about it when I see him, and meantime don't fail to get the song—or, better still, I'll send it to you.

Upper Marlboro and the country round about is filled with young people this week-end, for there was a dance last evening at the town hall, and lots of people are entertaining house parties for the occasion. Elizabeth and Nora Hill—and Ada, too, for she is home from school by this time—have a number of guests with them, among them Kent Roberts, Dr. Kemble, and Harold and Waldo Burnside, from Hyattsville; Rachel Clagett has a party, and likewise Carroll Wilson. She, by the way, is a sister of pretty Mrs. Brooke Lee, who was Elizabeth Wilson before her marriage. The two girls are as winsome lassies as ever I saw, and are belles all over Prince George county. Billy Davis, who practices law with Senator Lee and stumps for him in all his political campaigns, is visiting at the Wilsons.

The dances at Marlboro are a regular institution, and nowhere do they have jollier parties. The town hall is a funny old place, lighted by oil lamps; the decorations and the supper are rather sketchy, but the music is splendid, and people—the most attractive sort of people, too—come from all over the county and beyond for the dances. And the last time I went down there were numbers of Washington folk among the guests.

Mrs. Sigerfoos, wife of Major Edward Sigerfoos, of the Seventh Infantry, on duty at the War College, will remain in Washington until about July 15 when, with her little son and daughter, she will go out to Ohio to stay until September. Mrs. Schindel, wife of Capt. S. J. Bayard Schindel, also attached to the War College, is, however, planning to spend most of the summer in town. She feels, like so many army women, that when her husband has to be away so much, she is not going to be scared away by a little hot weather.

Col. Augustus C. Macomb tells me that his tour of duty at the College is almost up, that it expires the last of this month. Colonel and Mrs. Macomb have an attractive apartment in Stoneleigh Court, which they will be loath to leave and their departure will be deeply regretted by their hosts of friends in town.

Mrs. Clements, wife of Interstate Commerce Commissioner J. C. Clements, says that she is going to be a real farmer this summer. The whole family are leaving town tomorrow for their place at Millersville, about seven miles from Annapolis in the direction of Odontown. It is not one of the show places, fronting on the water, but a real, honest-to-goodness, useful farm, where they will stay until late in the fall.

Mrs. Frank Koester will accompany Major Koester to San Francisco, to remain indefinitely; but the major will have to return to his post at Laredo, Tex., at the expiration of his month's leave of absence.

Speaking of leave of absence reminds me that Lieut. John Stephen Sullivan, whose marriage to Eva Peyton took place here in May, had three months' leave due him, so he and his bride are having a fine long honeymoon. At present they are with Mrs. Sullivan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Peyton, who pronounce them the most matter of fact bride and bridegroom in captivity.

Many automobiles are finding their way these days to the Log Inn, a quaint little place near Annapolis on the road to Bay Ridge, which is being

frequented by Baltimore, Washington, and Annapolis people, and which bids fair to rival the Dower House in popularity. A number of dinner parties have been given there recently. Harry Meem entertained six guests last Sunday, the Waggamans are constant visitors to the place, and "Johnnie" Iseman claims that nowhere can you get a better dinner.

Lots of people went to the Army and Navy Club on Thursday evening, anticipating an informal dance, only to be disappointed. There was no music at all, not even during dinner, as last summer. The consequence was that many left the club and went to the Raleigh roof and other pleasant places where music was furnished. It was the first Thursday night that the roof has been opened this season, and it looked very attractive.

Cape May promises to be more than ever popular with Washington society folk this summer. Mrs. George Dunlop and her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John O. Ecker, have taken a cottage here for the season as have the Frederick Effingers. Mr. and Mrs. Alan Clephane have the same cottage they had last year, and Mrs. Charles Gray, who, with her niece, Mrs. Preston Haines, spent the winter at the Gratten, has taken a house at the seaside resort.

Mrs. Larkin W. Glazebrook, with her small children, will go down about the first of July to spend two months with Mrs. Satterfield at the Chalfonts; Colonel and Mrs. Albert are already there, and Mrs. Albert Willett is with her mother, Mrs. Thomas E. Waggaman, and Christine, who summer regularly at Cape May.

Mr. and Mrs. William Orme, who have been going to Cape May for many years, have, however, about decided not to take a cottage. They will spend part of the summer there, but will probably go to one of the hotels.

Eloise Orme, by the way, is visiting Henryette Stadelman at her home in Wilmington, Del. Henryette, whose name is the feminine substitute for Henry, is the girl who, lost her trunk when she came to the White House for Jessie Wilson's marriage and had such a funny but very inconvenient time.

The John Newbold's young son, John, Jr., I think he is, is rapidly recovering

from an attack of appendicitis which necessitated an operation, and his family are beginning to breathe freely once more. They are still at the apartment in the Avondale, which they have occupied since the building of the new Connecticut Avenue bridge drove them from their home. They bought "Bellevue," the lovely old Rittenhouse place in Georgetown, you know, and when Q street is cut through to the bridge the house will have to be moved. They are heart broken over it, but it was understood when they bought the place that they would be dislodged when the bridge was built, so they will have to make the best of it and are planning several additions and alterations to the house, while it is being moved.

Katherine Effinger set up a dog just before her departure, a little bit of a pup, very young, very expensive and very thoroughbred; such a wee bit baby, indeed, that he needs must be handled with gloves and Katherine spends most of her time studying books on the care of which puppy flesh he heir. Some one asked her why she didn't buy an older dog, one less subject to baby maladies; to which she replied that each additional month added \$100 to the cost of the beast so she had to catch him young and try to raise him.

Col. and Mrs. Richmond P. Davis are also possessors of a new automobile, an Overland, which they expect to enjoy very much. I do not believe that there are any two people who have a better time than the Davises. They are perfectly congenial, extremely popular, and both dance beautifully, so are always on the go.

The Barbour Daingerfelds, whose heavenly old place, Poplar Hill, is a few miles over the way from Marlboro, are to give a dance on Tuesday night, and I expect to motor down for that. I wish I might have taken in Saturday's festivity, but—well, you know I just couldn't let anything keep me away from Aunt Jennie's party. There were great doings, verily a picnic supper under the trees at "The Hedge," and afterward a dance in the barn, which might be the great-grandfather or all barns from its size. Given the jolliest music procurable, the merriest sort of a crowd, and the nicest host and hostess possible, you can imagine the fun we had. If only you had been there! Fondly yours, Sunday morning. JEAN ELIOT.

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